VISIT…

The Months

by Sara Coleridge

January brings

the snow,

Makes our feet

and fingers glow.

February brings

the rain,

Thaws the frozen

lake again.

March brings

breezes loud and

shrill,

Stirs the dancing

daffodil.

April brings the

primrose sweet,

Scatters daisies

at their feet.

May brings flocks

of pretty lambs,

Skipping by their

fleecy dams.

June brings tulips,

lilies, roses,

Fills the children's

hands with posies.

Hot July brings

cooling showers,

Apricots and

gillyflowers.

August brings the

sheaves of corn,

Then the harvest

home is borne.

Warm September

brings the fruit,

Sportsmen then

begin to shoot.

Fresh October

brings the

pheasant,

Then to gather

nuts is pleasant.

Dull November

brings the blast,

Then the leaves

are whirling fast.

Chill December

brings the sleet,

blazing fire and

Christmas treat.